

Music in this Number.
Song Messenger Waltz.
Glee—A Happy New Year.
 “ Song of the Skaters.
Song—Aunt Tabitha’s Trials.

Poetry.

Mother’s Waiting for Her Children.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD,

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Down the West the sun was sinking,
 As we gathered by her bed,
 And the last rays of the sunset,
 Clustered round her silvered head;
 Through our tears we saw her dying,
 And we felt the angels near,
 In that solemn Summer twilight,
 For their songs we seem to hear.

Chorus.

Mother’s waiting, mother’s waiting,
 Waiting for her children on the ever peaceful
 shore,
 Where the soul is filled with rapture,
 And the true heart faints no more.

“Sing,” she said, “the evening falseth
 Round about us, gather near;
 Sing the evening hymn, my children,
 For the night of death is here.”
 And we sang the vesper chorus,
 Telling of the dawn of rest,
 That shall come like morning gladness
 To the weary, toil-worn breast.

When we ceased she looked upon us,
 And she whispered low, “Good night,”
 While the angels came about her,
 In the starry evening light;
 And they bore her up to heaven,
 There we heard a glad throng sing
 A “Good morning” to our mother,
 As they gave her welcoming.

While Marie-Galli, the prima donna
 of a Parisian opera house, was singing
 the other night, her tongue and brain
 were instantly paralyzed, and the play
 stopped short.



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Sketches in Europe.

An amusing account of an attempt to
 keep warm, from a letter by C. T. R.,
 dated “Berlin, Prussia.”

“We have had one trifling divertisement
 this week, which has helped the
 monotony a little. The somewhat celebrated
 stove which has the honor to keep us
 warm (!) Har! Har! Har! (joke,) was used
 by the former occupants of our “suite” as a
 cook stove, and the splatterings of fryings,
 &c., had, during the time of its use in this
 capacity, thoroughly permeated its whole
 being. On our being driven from the other
 member of our “suite” to the one in which
 we at present practically reside, by the
 neighboring aborigines who are inimical to
 the cultivation of the art of which St. Cecelia,

Orpheus and Arion are popularly supposed
 to have been the founders, and of which
 my brother and myself are the present
 exponents, we were obliged to attend to
 the production of the caloric indispensable
 to the preservation of the connection
 between man’s corporeal and incorporeal
 parts in this inhospitable climate, by
 means of this quandom “Stewart, No. 6.”
 The result was the minimum of caloric
 and the maximum of an entirely unearthly
 and unutterable stench, which at the
premier coup, nearly moved us from Dorotheen
 Strasse, 81 (vier Tripfen,) to the mansions
 above.

Being, however, unprepared for so sudden
 a change, we stuck to this sublunary
 sphere. We called an Ecumenical Council of the

landlady and ourselves, the result of
 which was various visits from a man
 supposed to be conversant with the habits
 and dispositions of these eccentric and
 infernal stoves, and to be able by the
 exercise of gentle firmness to induce
 them in some slight degree to fulfill
 their mission.

This man went through with his
 mystic rites, pulled a great many
 entrails out of the affair, punched some
 holes and plugged up others, and after
 each visit assured us that it would be
 all right, which we fail to see as yet.
 We have devoted the week to it, to the
 exclusion of peace and happiness, and
 have now got as far as to be able to
 live in the room by using cologne freely,
 but as to warmth, I have to stop every
 few lines to sit on my pen hand—further
 comment is unnecessary.

I had no idea it was so cold in
 Germany, but I don’t see that it is a bit
 better than Boston.

Thursday, we had a snow storm
 which covered us up two or three inches
 deep and the weather is just as frigid
 all the time. And then our stove—
 forgive me for reverting to so unpleasant
 a topic, but it is the one thing uppermost
 in our minds at present. The tall horse
 was not looked upon with the highest
 favor by Mr. Winkle and his companions,
 but their feelings were but the cream of
 human kindness compared with ours
 regarding this—but let us be calm and
 say this stove, which possesses but one
 good quality ever attributed to these
 articles of furniture, namely, the
 advantage claimed for some cooking
 ranges, “that they do not heat the
 room!”

An Organ Concert at Freiburg.

"Leaving Lausanne gladly, we found ourselves seated in the cars for Freiburg. The railway runs on the top of a hill bordering the shores of the lake, its sides slope to the water's edge, clothed with vineyards and trees, while the lake itself, at the hour we passed, and gained our last view of its surface, lay like a dissolving opal in the noon tide sun, one moment bluer than the skies it reflected; the next delicately green like the sea; then paling till it seemed almost crystal; palpitating, flashing, and dimpling like some jewel, that an angel might have dropped in a passing flight. Freiburg is a quaint old town, charmingly located on a crest of hills overlooking the valley of the little river Vaarine. It has two aerial suspension bridges, looking, in the distance, as if they were supported on spiders' webs, but as strong as they are apparently fragile. We crossed the lower one, which is the longest of a single span in the world, and climbed the opposite hill, from whence we had a fine view of the city. Its quaint-roofed, red-tiled houses stood out against the clearness of a perfect sunset, backed by the old walls and watch-towers of defense, in which the old time people put their trust. But Freiburg from afar is more lovely than Freiburg near. The streets are very dirty, and one sees all manner of deformity and disease, and is glad to escape safely within the doors of the hotel. The organ is the attraction that draws travelers to the place. At 8 o'clock the concert was advertised to take place, and, a few minutes before the hour, we entered the dark, mysterious Cathedral, lit only by a single lamp, whose lights and shadows were weirdly cast among the long rows of columns, and seated our-

selves. Shadowy forms flitted past us, and bestowed themselves somewhere in the gloom. All waited, some with bent heads in meditative silence, others with suppressed whispers of curiosity, and a few, who were probably Romanists, on their knees in prayer.

"Soon a burst of sound from the organ shook the stillness, trumpets were heard, and the tramp of martial feet; this soon, however, gave way to a magnificent baritone voice. Did he sing before the battle, or was it rather a military mass? "Bow down Thine ear, O Lord," he sang, and was followed by the full Israelitish chorus, "And I will thank Thee, Lord, will praise Thy name for evermore." Then the strain was carried up and fitly closed by a melting, pleading soprano voice, whose silver notes seemed to embrace their native heaven. Silence followed, too deep and solemn for applause. The next might have been the merry call of an Alpine shepherd's horn, gay at first, but gaining an echo of earth's universal sorrow, as the mountains repeated it over and over in fainter and purer sweetness; but the grandest of all was the concluding piece—a storm. First, one saw that the clouds lowered; still there was no rain. A flash of lightning darted athwart the sky, followed by a low rumble in the distance, and, as the storm increased in fury, the rattling peal of the thunder hombarding the mountains, and its echoes of defiance filled all the air, followed by the rush of the wind in the pine trees, and the twirl as it swept through the gorges and down the valleys was immense, and through it all, what did one hear? A silver church-bell rang on unappalled through the storm, calling, calling the wanderer on the mountains to shelter and rest, and on its crystal peal was

supported and even up-borne the voice of an Alpine maiden, singing in her lowly home a song of faith and love. The bell rang on, and the singer still sang, as the retreating storm hid itself in the mountain fastnesses; and the wanderer, perhaps sought death, but the voice called him back, for certainly he seemed to return, and something angelic, like a harp, seemed to linger in the air as he came back—the song of the angel who guarded him, it may be—soft and ineffably sweet; it grew fainter and fainter, and melted away, while yet one believed to hear it, and the concert was ended. I went home in a dream. I don't know what this wonderful instrument was. They call it an organ, and speak of the vox humana, and vox angelica. I know not—it was a painting, a poem, a drama, an opera—which? Its effect is all I can recall." ***

Home Politeness.

Should an acquaintance tread on your dress, your best—your very best—and by accident tear it, how profuse you are with your "never mind—don't think of it—I don't care at all." If a husband does it he gets a frown; if a child, he is chastised.

"Ah! those are little things," say you. They tell mightily on the heart, be assured, little as they are.

A gentleman stops at a friend's house and finds it in confusion. "He don't see anything to apologize for; never thinks of such matters; everything is all right;" cold supper, cold room, crying children; "perfectly comfortable."

He goes home; his wife has been taking care of the sick ones, and worked almost out. "Don't see why things can't be kept in better order; there never were such cross children before." No apologies, except away from home.

Why not be polite at home? Why not use freely the golden coin of courtesy? How sweet they sound, those little words, "I thank you," or "You are very kind." Doubly—yes, trebly sweet from the lips we love, when heart-smiles make the eyes sparkle with the clear light of affection.

Be polite to your children. Do you expect them to be mindful of your welfare, to grow glad at your approach, to bound away to do your pleasure before your request is half spoken? Then with your dignity and authority mingle politeness.—*Rural New Yorker.*

A Scotchman's definition of metaphysics.—"When ye hear twa men talking, and ye dinna ken what they are talking about, and they dinna ken what they are talking about themself, then that's metaphysics."

If you sing well, make no puerile excuses. If you sing indifferently, hesitate not a moment when you are asked, for few persons are competent judges of singing, but every one is sensible of a desire to please.

If I like it, I will tell you to mother, and that shall not be at all: I like cheese, and I as much of it as I can get.

er—If I was not speaking to a te, I should call that stealing.

Magistrate—Of course it is stealing. Exactly like your trying to take and song from Mr. Reeves for ng.

Prisoner—Oh, bother! A cheese costs money: I pay the farmer, and I pay carriage, and I pay my shopman, and I pay the carter, or I could not deliver the article.

The Magistrate—A song costs Mr. Reeves money: he paid for instruction, he paid for years of study in Italy, he paid for the Broadwood on which he practiced, and he paid for the carriage that brought him to the hall, or he could not deliver the article. He undertook to sell it to you, and he did, and then you wanted another for nothing. The production of the article required special machinery and great skill, and caused much wear and tear of physical powers. Yet you persisted in your dishonest course.

Prisoner—I don't see it in that light.

The Magistrate—Then try and see it in the light of a prison-cell. I shall deal with you as I should with any who, buying one cheese another. You will go to for a month. the prisoner.

The Magistrate—Well, Mr. Reeves, I am bound to say that you put a great temptation in his way; but he must learn to resist temptation. An example is necessary.

The prisoner was then removed to the cell, but before the arrival of the van he begged to be allowed to express his deep regret for what he had done. He supposed that he was stupid, but it had never occurred to him that an artist's voice was his property. He would never offend again.

The magistrate kindly ordered his discharge, but intimated that he hoped any similar offender would be taken into custody, and brought before him for punishment, which he should certainly receive.

Mark Twain on the Accordeon.

MARK was, as many other young men are at some period of their lives, anxious to learn music. He tried first one instrument, then another, till finally he settled down to the accordeon. On that soul-stirring article of music he learned to play that melodious and popular air, "Auld Lang Syne." For about a week he continued to torture his unwilling hearers, when, being of an ingenious mind, he endeavored to improve upon the original melody by adding some variations of his own. But who has ever seen a real genius succeed yet? Just as Mark had finished his only tune, and wound up with

an admirable flourish, the landlady rushed into the room. Said she:

"Do you know any other tune than that, Mr. Twain?" I told her, meekly, that I did not. "Well, then," said she, "stick to it just as it is; don't put any variations to it; because it is rough enough on the boarders the way it is now."

The upshot was, that its "roughness" was soon made manifest, for half the boarders left, and the other half would have left had not the landlady discharged Mark. Then, like the wandering Jew, Mr. Twain went from house to house. None would undertake to keep him after one night's music; so at last in sheer desperation, he went to board at an Italian lady's—Mrs. Murphy by name. He says:

"The first time I struck up the variations, a haggard, cadaverous old man walked into my room and stood beaming upon me a smile of ineffable happiness. Then he placed his hand upon my head, and looking aloft, he said with feeling unction, 'God bless you, young man! God bless you! for you have done that for me which is beyond all praise. For years I have suffered from an incurable disease, and knowing that I must die, I have striven with all my power to resign myself to my fate, but in vain—the love of life was too strong within me. But heaven bless you, my benefactor! for since I heard you play that tune and those variations, I do not want to live any longer—I am entirely re-

signed—I am willing to die.' And then the old man fell on my neck, and wept a flood of happy tears. I was surprised at these things, but I could not help giving the old gentleman a parting blast, in the way of some peculiarly lacerating variations, as he went out of the door. They doubled him up like a jack-knife, and the next time he left his bed of pain and suffering, he was all right, in a metallic coffin."

At last Mark gave up his penchant for the accordeon, and from that day gave amateur musicians a wide berth.

N. Y. Gazette.

A Hint to Musicians.

See the effect of a long piece of music at a public concert. The orchestra are breathless with attention, jumping into major and minor keys, executing fugues, and fiddling with the most ecstatic precision. In the midst of all the wonderful science the audience are gaping, lolling, talking, standing about, and half devoured with ennui. On a sudden there springs up a lively little air, expressive of natural feeling, though in point of science not worth a half-penny. The audience all spring up, every head nods, every foot beats time, and every heart also; a universal smile breaks out in every face; the carriage is not ordered; and every one agrees that music is the most delightful, rational entertainment that the human mind can possibly enjoy. In the same manner the astonishing execution of some great singers has in it very little of the beautiful: it is mere difficulty overcome, like rope-dancing and tumbling; and mere difficulties overcome, as I have before said, do not excite the feelings of the beautiful, but the wonderful.—Sydney Smith.

Music in this Number.

Quartet—Farewell.

" In the Cold.

Glee—Skating Glee.

Song—Have Patience.

Hymn—Our Best Friend.

Poetry.

The Crossing Sweeper.

BY C. W.

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ROOT & CADY, 67 Washington St., Chicago.

Remember the sweeper! how oft in the street

His little voice makes itself heard;

Not always impertinent—sometimes as sweet

As the voice of the silver-toned bird. [boots,

Oh! fathers, well dress'd, with bright polish'd

So carefully picking your way, [boys,

Give a thought to your own little curly-hair'd

And remember the sweeper to-day.

CHORUS.

Then give him a penny, 'twill never be miss'd—

Just one, as you pass on your way;

You'll never be poorer, whatever betide,

For rememb'ring the sweeper to-day.

And mothers, with darlings, in satin and lace,

So daintily stepping along,

Just glance at that earnest, intelligent face,

That so wistfully follows the throng.

Remember the boy you pass in disgust,

Perhaps may at some time have known [you,

And have loved, just as much as your children do

A kind mother and home of his own.

'Tis the poor who are kind to the poor in this

The rich are too greedy of pelf; [world—

And many a hardly-earned penny is thrown

By people as poor as himself.

Then give him a penny, 'twill never be miss'd—

Just one, as you pass on your way;

And you'll never be poorer, whatever betide,

For rememb'ring the sweeper to-day.



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Vol. VII.]

CHICAGO, JANUARY, 1869.

[No. 1.

The Encore Thief.

FROM PUNCH.

["Mr. Sims Reeves has dealt fairly with his Bristol audiences, and his Bristol audiences ought to deal fairly with him. He is called upon to sing twice everything which is put down for him in a programme, and bullied for not doing so. He was so treated on Monday night."—*Bristol Times and Mirror.*]

At the usual hour yesterday morning Mr. Punch, the worthy magistrate, took his seat on the bench.

The night charges having been disposed of, Fonassus Bellowmore, cheesemonger, was placed in the dock, charged with a determined attempt at theft.

Mr. Sims Reeves, the eminent vocalist, stated that he had been engaged at Exeter Hall, on the previous night, to sing in Handel's oratorio, "Jephtha." He had sung to the best of his ability—

The Magistrate—Then you must have sung very finely.

Mr. Reeves bowed and continued. He had given the great and trying air, "Deeper and deeper still," and the audience had been good enough to signify the warmest approbation. He sat down; when the prisoner, with violent shouts, demanded that the air should be given over again. Many of the audience indignantly protested against the prisoner's dishonest conduct, but he persisted in his attempt at theft, and was at last given into custody. Mr. Reeves added that though the attempt at robbery had been directed against himself personally, he appeared on public grounds, and had no vindictive feeling against the prisoner, who, he thought was stupid rather than wicked, and perhaps might be dismissed with an admonition.

The prisoner said he was called stupid. He liked music, and chose to have as much of it as he could get. He stuck up for the prisoner, an Englishman, and stood for the Charter and Bill of Rights.

The Magistrate—The Statute of might be more in point. But don't nonsense, man. Who are you?

Prisoner—A cheesemonger.

The Magistrate—Is anything known to him?

Policeman B 52—I believe he is a respectable man, your Worship, but he is in the habit of acting in the way he has done last night.

The Magistrate—Did, last night, you mean. That evidence does not tally well with your statement of his respectability. Have you anything to say, prisoner?

Prisoner—I should say I had. What am I dragged here for? I say I like music, and I'll have as much as I can get. Why shouldn't Mr. Reeves sing twice when I tell him?

The Magistrate—Dear me, this is very dreadful, and I dare say this person is entrusted with a vote. Listen to me, prisoner. You sell good cheese, I dare say?

Prisoner—Very good, your Worship. I should be happy of your custom.

The Magistrate—Send me a rat, Stilton, ripe.

Prisoner—It shall be sent to your ship's house before I am gone.

The Magistrate

Mr. Boot's Corner.

A Flight Retrospective.

With the new year I resume my more intimate connection with the SONG MESSENGER, and while I have no expectation of doing anything wonderful in a literary way, I hope I may say something pleasant or useful, each month, to those who gather about my corner.

I ask permission to use the language of familiar conversation, and I expressly stipulate that I may be permitted to go from one thing to another without spending much time in "getting around" gracefully, and that when I do say anything that requires thought, you won't skip it.

Well, that's all by way of preamble.

Now, looking back upon the past year, I see two good ships, two or three months apart, taking two dear boys across the ocean to the classic lands of song—A little later, I see a frail bark bearing a sinless little life through the terrible breakers of death to the peaceful shores of eternity—About this time I hear the colossal swell of the "Ten thousand," and see the mighty waves of the "Fifty thousand," and forever a new conception of grandeur is mine—Then a tender parting, and the beautiful valleys of the East and the mighty waters of the West fade past, and I stand before the "Normals" in Janesville—The days

pass, each one freighted with some pleasant experience in this most delightful and congenial work, and again I span a third of the continent, and stand shoulder to shoulder with Zerrahn, the prince of conductors, the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, and other musical celebrities at the great festivals in Bangor and Worcester—Then dear old Dr. Mason, in his elegant home in New Jersey—How pleasant were the familiar feelings of veneration and respect as he showed me his work, or took me to task for my misdeeds—Ah! we shall not look upon his like again—But why talk as if he were through. We shall see and hear him yet in some teaching work—I have a plan—I am plotting against his peaceful quiet at home, but I'll say no more now, only will advise you to notice with some care what goes on in a musical way next summer—Then Mr. Bassini, whose genial, ringing tones delighted me when they said "*Oui, mon ami, avec plaisir*," to my question "will you join me in a 'Normal' next summer?"—Then Mr. William Mason, with voice so calm and philosophic, with "poise" at the piano or organ so massive and quiet that the wonders from his hands overwhelm you with the strange anomaly—Mr. William Mason, who made my plan for the coming "Normal" complete by saying he also would join us—Then back to the West, and now SOUTH BEND comes into view as the panorama moves along.

No Western town or city looks really blooming and beautiful in winter. Did you ever notice that? South Bend comes as near it as any place could, and shows very clearly that its capacities in that line are great in the summer, and that is the main thing, for us who expect to spend a part of next July and August there. I would say more about that little city and its inhabitants, only I should be anticipating the circular which goes with this, or the next Song Messenger.

Ah! I have skipped many pleasant things in this flight through the year. In addition to those mentioned, the convention at St. Albans, Vt.—The call at Montreal—The conventions at Malone, N. Y., Newbury, Vt., Middletown, N. Y., Scranton, Pa., Dowagiac, Mich., Aledo, Ill., Bridgeton, N. J., Fond du Lac, Wis., and Cedar Falls, Iowa.

To the friends met in these places, and at the Festivals, I give kindest greetings and a Happy New Year.

Did it ever occur to you that you can strengthen an affection or desire just as you can your memory or your arm—by exercising it?

It is certainly so. You exercise it some, if you only cherish it in the depths of your own heart, but you exercise it in fullness if you gratify it by words or actions.

It grows if it is exercised. It declines and dies if exercise is denied to it.

This is a capital arrangement, for we all have some good affections that ought to grow stronger, and some bad ones that ought to be killed out—some good ones that, perhaps, are very feeble—it may be just struggling for existence in our minds, while the opposite bad ones may have been cherished and gratified until they are strong.

We are being shaped and moulded every day, by our affections.

Are we growing kinder, more considerate, more forbearing, more patient, more just, more pure, more unselfish and more useful?

Things are working well, and the right side wins.

Are we becoming more irritable, unkind, domineering, selfish, impure, covetous, unjust, vain or deceitful?

Alas! the wrong side is getting the rule, and there can be but one result if we go on.

The Lord cannot save us against our will.

Friends, let us make a good fight "on this line," this year.

The next time a bad desire clamors for gratification, choke him off and keep on doing so. You won't enjoy it until the opposite good one begins to get some strength—then you'll wonder you ever could have thought the bad was good at all, and when (after years, perhaps,) the bad have all gone and the good grown full and strong, you know what that is, don't you?

That's Heaven.

I want you to understand that *preaching* is the easy part of this. I'm no great on the *practice*, but I'll join any company for a raid on the enemy during the year 1870. Geo. F. Roor.

THE SONG MESSENGER WALTZ.

By JAMES R. MURRAY.

Gracieux. *tr* *tr* *f* Fine.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of 16 measures. The key signature has two flats (B-flat major), and the time signature is 3/4. The score is divided into four systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system begins with the tempo marking 'Gracieux.' and includes trills ('tr') and a forte ('f') dynamic. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system includes a 'D. C.' (Da Capo) instruction. The fourth system concludes with a 'D. C.' instruction and a 'Dim e rit.' (diminuendo and ritardando) marking. The score is written in a clear, legible style with standard musical notation.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Words by J. R. MURRAY.

Music by P. P. BLISS.

5

Very slow. Fast. Slow. Fast.

1. The King is dead. Long live the King! The old year's gone, We hail the new; This is no time for sobs and sighs With those who should be

2. Our summer flowers are fast a - sleep Beneath their cov - er - lid of snow, But Spring will come, and then shall peep Our beauties from their

3. The ripe fruit falls, the tree is bare, The night comes on, the day is done; We mourn the loss of life so fair, Unknowing life has

brave and true, with those who should be brave and true. Life rolls a - long, life rolls a-long, So let our song

beds be - low, our beauties from their beds be - low. So as we sing, so as we sing, Give wel - com - ing

just be-gun, un - knowing life has just be - gun. Our friends depart, our friends depart, With ach - ing heart

A HAPPY NEW YEAR — CONTINUED.

Chime with the merry bells to-day, the merry bells to-day; Hearts may be light, hearts may be light, Old Time, in spite, in spite

To cloud and storm and wind and rain, and storm and wind and rain, They help to guide, they help to guide Us o'er the tide, the tide,

We say, "we'll see their forms no more, we'll see their forms no more Where e'er we go, where e'er we go Or be," when, lo!, when, lo!

This musical system consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major with a treble clef. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment line in G major with a bass clef. The middle two staves are vocal lines in G major with treble clefs. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words appearing on multiple lines.

Of all that you can do or say, all you can do or say. And so we sing— A happy new year, a happy new year, a

Where we shall find our own again, shall find our own again. *pp* *Cres.* *f* *pp* *Cres.*

They call us from the better shore, yes, from the better shore. And so we sing— A happy new year, a happy new year, a

This musical system consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major with a treble clef. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment line in G major with a bass clef. The middle two staves are vocal lines in G major with treble clefs. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words appearing on multiple lines. Dynamic markings *pp*, *Cres.*, and *f* are present in the piano accompaniment line.

happy new year to you all, dear friends. A happy new year, a happy new year, a happy new year to you all;

f

happy new year to you all. A happy new year, a happy new year, a happy new year to you all;

This system consists of four staves. The first staff is in bass clef, and the second is in treble clef. The third and fourth staves are also in treble clef. The music is in 2/4 time and features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the staves, with a dynamic marking 'f' (forte) appearing between the second and third staves.

happy new year to all, happy new year to all, happy new year, happy new year, happy new year to all.

ac...cel...er...an...do.

happy new year to all, happy new year to all, happy new year, happy new year, happy new year to all.

This system consists of four staves. The first staff is in bass clef, and the second is in treble clef. The third and fourth staves are also in treble clef. The music continues the melody from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves, with an acceleration marking 'ac...cel...er...an...do.' appearing between the second and third staves.

THE SONG MESSENGER.

J. R. MURRAY, EDITOR.

CHICAGO, JANUARY, 1870.

TERMS.—60 cents a year. To clubs of ten or more, 50 cents each—invariably in advance. Single copies 8 cents. Issued on the first of every month.

Special Notice.

Our friends will please excuse the tardy arrival of this number of the SONG MESSENGER. The unexpected stoppage of our steam power for necessary repairs occasioned the delay.

Vol. VIII.—1870.

The SONG MESSENGER begins its new volume and the year 1870 under the most favorable auspices.

The increase of subscribers has been so great that we have been obliged to print an extra edition of the December number, and the edition of the present number is larger than that of any previous one.

Of course, this is all very gratifying to us, but we do not intend to rest satisfied here. This year the Song Messenger must double its present number of subscribers, and from present appearances we think this can be accomplished in a very short time if our friends will respond in the future as readily as they have done in the past, to our call for their assistance in procuring new subscribers.

Every little helps. To send one new name is better than not to send any.

Arrangements have been made with writers in all parts of the country, who will give us the latest musical news and articles, essays etc., on all subjects likely to interest our readers.

We are happy to announce that Mr. GEO. F. ROOT with this number resumes his connection with the Song Messenger, and something from his pen will appear each month, under the general title of "Mr. Root's Corner." He will also contribute to the music pages from time to time.

Subscriptions should be sent in at once, in order to have the volume complete, as we cannot promise to supply back numbers. All monies and letters relating to business should be sent to Root & Cady. Articles and music intended for the paper to "The Song Messenger."

Give Credit.

Our Exchanges should remember, when they print our copyright poems, to give credit to both author and publisher, especially when they use our copyright property without first getting permission so to do. The National Union, Cincinnati, prints "Call me when breakfast is ready," copyrighted and recently published with music, by Root & Cady, without the slightest acknowledgment of the source from whence it was obtained.

There are many reasons why credit should always be given in such cases, beside those of courtesy and justice.

See what may arise from the omission of the proper acknowledgment in the case in hand. A person reading over the poem "Call me when breakfast is ready," in a *National Union*, of late date, is pleased with the words and wishes to set them to music. He looks to see if he can do so without infringing. The paper does not show that the poem was written "for the Union," as in such cases made and provided; it does not give the author's name, so his permission cannot be obtained, if that were necessary; it does not show that it is copyrighted by the "Union," or any other paper or publisher. The conclusion naturally is that the poem belongs to nobody, or rather, that it is common property and belongs to everybody, to him as much as to any one else. He sets it to music, publishes it, and discovers at last that by the neglect of the Editor of the paper from which the poem was taken, to give proper credit, he has been infringing on a copyright and must pay the penalty.

This is not altogether a "may-be;" this thing has taken place time and again, much to the disgust and annoyance of composers who cannot or do not write their own poems.

We do not object to our exchanges

printing any of our poems; on the contrary, we are pleased to have them do so, but we think we have a right to ask that the words "Copyrighted by Root & Cady" accompany all such selections.

Answers to Correspondents.

R. R.—The key of A is represented to the eye by a staff with three sharps upon it. The difference in pitch between A and A \sharp is technically called a half-step.

E. L. C.—1. "Is it customary and advisable to play interludes between the stanzas of hymns sung in church?"

2. "Who is P. Benson, Sr., who gives us so much fun?"

1. It is *customary* to play interludes in church, but we don't think it advisable or necessary. We consider them hindrances to worship.

2. P. Benson Sr. is Dr. C. C. Miller of Marengo, Ill.

V. C. B.—In singing the word "mountain," do not pronounce it "mountaine," or "mounteen," or "mountun," but "mount-in." See Webster.

There is no good reason why words should not be pronounced as properly in singing as in speaking, but it is a lamentable fact that such is not the case.

Annie R.—The sign $\text{♩} = 122$, placed at the beginning of the piece to which you refer is called a metronome mark. The metronome is an instrument for indicating the exact time of any piece of music to which metronomic marks are attached.

J. A.—If you wish to know why the English have such queer names for some of their Inns you must ask them

We are not sufficiently posted on that subject to enlighten others. Very likely the "queer names" are distortions of very good ones. For instance, a certain Inn, in the time of Cromwell, was named "God encompasses us." Alas! for the degeneracy of later days, the above name became distorted into the "Goat and Compasses."

A Book.

BY P. BENSON, SR.

The witticisms and sayings of P. Benson, Sr., are attracting considerable attention from those who believe in a good, hearty, healthful laugh. His "essays" on musical subjects are especially funny, and more than that his back-handed hits at the follies and foolish habits of public performers and audiences, are calculated to produce beneficial results. Lovers of real, genuine humor should send for this book. Price 50 cts. For sale by Root & Cady.

Music Here and Elsewhere.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club gave the first of their series of "South Side Subscription Concerts" Dec 1st., in Crosby's Music Hall. The next concert will be given January 14th.

The first concert of the "North Side Series" was given December 4th, in Historical Hall. The second of the series will be given at the same place, January 15th.

The Carlotta Patti company under the management of Max Strakosch, gave a series of very successful concert at Farwell Hall, as per announcement in our last. The large and beautiful hall was crowded each night, to hear Patti's wonderful performances. The following week she returned to the city and gave two concerts in the Opera House, with the same unbounded success.

Her singing, with the wonderful playing of Prume, the violinist, and the delicate touch and marvellous execution of Ritter, the pianist, added to the singing of Squiers and Hermannus, made the visit of Patti to Chicago one long to be remembered.

The Parepa-Rosa troupe have also met with unusual success. Chicago patronized them so largely that the troupe has been vibrating between this city and the neighboring towns all through the past month.

P. P. Bliss announces conventions as follows:

Aledo, Ill.,	-	Jan. 11.
Millersburg, Ohio,	-	" 18.
Dunkirk, N. Y.,	-	" 25.
Cuba, N. Y.,	-	Feb. 1.
Sycamore, Ill.,	-	" 15.

S. N. Penfield has become connected with the Lake Forest Seminary as teacher of the organ and piano.

T. M. Towne has charge of the vocal music department in the same institution.

H. R. Palmer holds one of his musical conventions at Waverly, Iowa, commencing January 11th, and continuing four days. He conducted a "Christmas Musical Festival" at Bristol, Kendall Co., Ill., Christmas week.

S. Wesley Martin's engagements are as follows. Hopewell, Ind., from Dec. 19th to Jan. 12; Arcola, Ill., from Jan. 17th to Feb. 12th.

J. A. Butterfield held a convention in Selma, Ala., recently, closing with a concert at which there were 200 singers present. He proposes taking up his residence in Selma, we believe.

An Erroneous Supposition.

Many thanks to those who write us from all parts of our country, for the high opinion they must have of our social status as to suppose that our acquaintance is unlimited, and that we know everybody in this "free and enlightened nation" and their place of residence, and who therefore do not think it worth while to place the name of their State, County, or Town upon their letters. Some even seem to consider it entirely unnecessary to sign their names to letters containing orders

and money. Dear friends, neither the publishers nor the editor of this paper are walking United States Directories, and to ensure prompt replies in dealing with either party, it is absolutely necessary that to your order or letter you sign your

NAME,

TOWN,

COUNTY,
STATE.

DEAR MESSENGER:—Don't go off without carrying a notice to our friends of *Poverty Flat*, Mr. Geo. F. Root's last song, and the nicest one you have seen in a long time. It is about a sensible girl who wasn't spoiled by her father's striking a "lead" in California, and is, in fact, her letter back to Joe, whom she still loves at *Poverty Flat*, 35 cts.

The Kat.

BY P. BENSON, SR.,

whitch the Sr. it stans for singer.

This peace is about the kat.

As a singist the katis excelled by phue & ekwalled by nun. Karephool investigashuns has disconvverred that the kat sings moastly by eer, & not By noat. This is a grate konveniensi, as thay often have to sing out doors of a dark nite, hwen they coodent see the noats.

The kat is sum the nater of a litening bug. Its ize shine like a kole of fire into the dark & if you stroke it the sparks will fly. It woont do so in the daylite owin to its modesty.

A Tommus kat is fond of goin to the

nabers' evry nite & singin onto the woodpile. If the peapel doant like to hear his singin, its all the same, he doant expeck to pleeze evrybuddy; for sum peapel is so pertickler nothin will soot them; thay wood find fault with hanging.

Hwen uthther fokes goes out nites a serenadin, thay git bokays & sitch, throad at them; and hwen kats goes a serenadin thay git old boots and sitch, throad at them & thares anuthther differents between kats & uthther fokes; becoz uthther fokes olwaze picks up all the bokays that's throad at them, but if you thro enny thing at a kat when its a serenadin of you, it woont take no notis to it, & if you thro sumthing so close to it that it kant help seein that you mean it for it, it is so verry modest that it will run away without pickin it up.

A kat never has the smollpocks, for it woodnt be no use, becoz you coodnt see the marks on ackount of the fur.

A kat gits strongly atached to pertickler places & cant Be indeuced to leve them on no considerashun. I hev noad them to be took to a noo place sevven miles & three quarters ($7\frac{3}{4}$) from thare nateral home & fed on applesass, shoogar & all nise things; but the 1st. chance thay got thay wood leve, & the neckst morning hwen the hired gurl opened the back door the kat wood be thare lookin jist as plezzent as if nuthing had happened.

SONG OF THE SKATERS.

Words and Music by S. WESLEY MARTIN.

Allegro. Staccato Sempre.

1. The stars are bright in the sky to-night, The air is cool and clear, Ho, ho, ho, The skaters are out with a merry shout,

2. Our skates keep time to the ska-ter's rhyme, As swift-ly on we glide, Ho, ho, ho, We laugh and sing till the ech-oes ring,

The first system of the musical score for 'Song of the Skaters'. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, 4/4 time, with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The middle and bottom staves are vocal staves, also in treble clef, 4/4 time, with the same key signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves. The tempo is marked 'Allegro. Staccato Sempre.'.

That ech-oes far and near, Ho, ho, ho, That ech-oes far and near; A-way! a-way! we will not stay, A-

Thro' the blue dome far and wide, Ho, ho, ho, Thro' the blue dome far and wide, O, swift we go o'er the ice be-low, As the

The second system of the musical score. It continues the melody from the first system. The piano accompaniment and vocal staves are shown. The lyrics continue: 'That ech-oes far and near, Ho, ho, ho, That ech-oes far and near; A-way! a-way! we will not stay, A-'. The third system begins with 'Thro' the blue dome far and wide, Ho, ho, ho, Thro' the blue dome far and wide, O, swift we go o'er the ice be-low, As the'.

SONG OF THE SKATERS.—CONTINUED.

11

way o'er the froz - en track, Ho, ho, ho, With laugh and song we will glide a - long, Till our com - rades call us back,

ea - gle cleaves the air, Ho, ho, ho, Our smiles are bright and our hearts are light, And we know no tho't of care. Ho, ho, ho,

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second and third staves are piano accompaniment in treble clef. The bottom staff is a bass line in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing rests. There are dynamic markings like '>' (accent) above some notes.

fol - low me, fol - low me, On the ice and froz - en snow, fol - low me, fol - low me, Ho,

ho, fol - low me, Ho, ho, fol - low me, Ho, ho, O'er the ice and froz-en snow, Ho, ho, fol - low me, Ho, ho, fol - low me, Ho,

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second and third staves are piano accompaniment in treble clef. The bottom staff is a bass line in bass clef. The key signature remains one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The music continues with similar rhythmic patterns and includes dynamic markings like '>' (accent) above some notes.

SONG OF THE SKATERS.—CONCLUDED.

ho, follow me, follow me, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow me, Ho, ho!

follow, follow, follow, follow me, Ho, ho, ho, follow me, Ho, ho, ho,

ho, follow me, follow me, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow me, Ho, ho!

The musical score for 'Song of the Skaters' is written for four staves. The first two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The last two staves are in bass clef with the same key signature. The melody is a simple, repetitive tune with a final flourish. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words appearing on multiple staves to align with the notes.

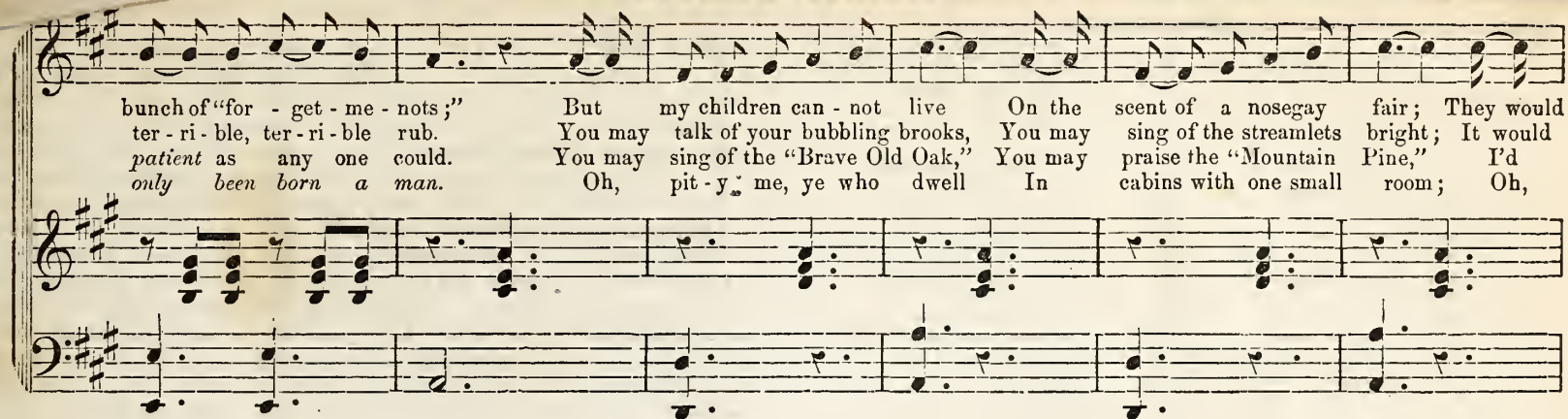
AUNT TABITHA'S TRIALS.

Proclaimed by PRO PHUNDO BASSO.

1. Pots, kettles and pans, Pans, kettles and pots! I'm sick of their sight, and I'd give them all For
 2. Tub, boiler and suds, Suds, boiler and tub! My arms are red and my fingers are spread, With
 3. Wood, shavings and coal, Coal, shavings and wood! My fire has gone out, tho' I coaxed it as long And
 4. Pan, duster and broom, Broom, duster and pan! I'm worried to death, and I'd give all the world, If

The musical score for 'Aunt Tabitha's Trials' is written for three staves. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 6/8 time signature. The second and third staves are in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is a simple, repetitive tune with a final flourish. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words appearing on multiple staves to align with the notes.

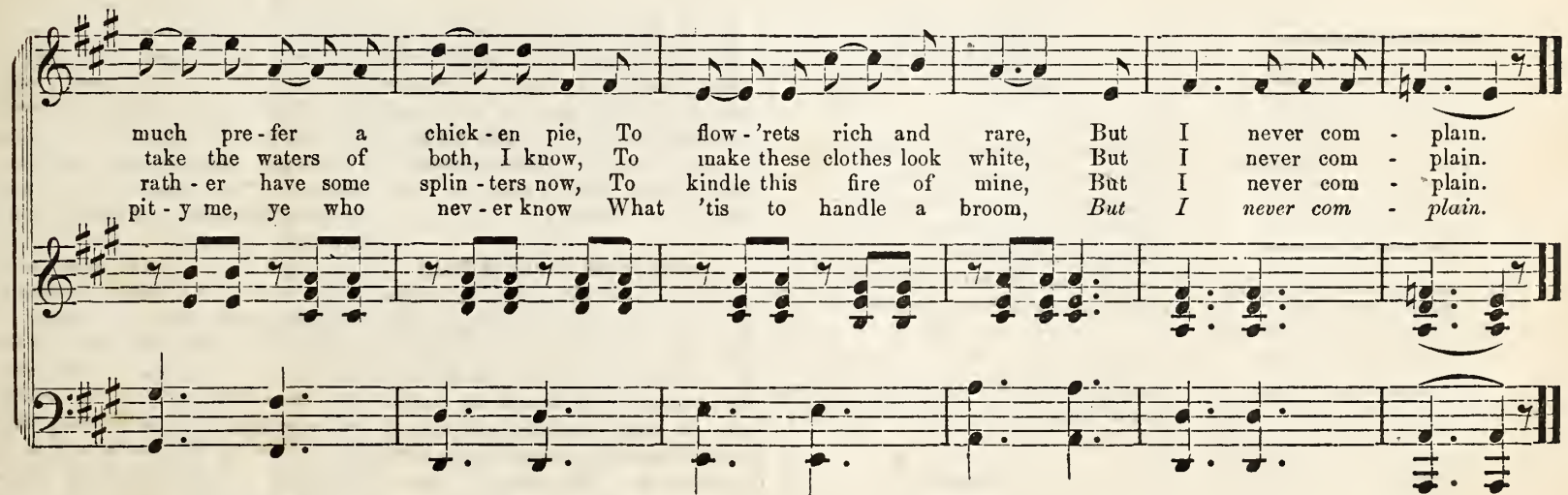
AUNT TABITHA'S TRIALS—CONCERTED.



bunch of "for - get - me - nots ;"
 ter - ri - ble, ter - ri - ble rub.
 patient as any one could.
 only been born a man.

But my children can - not live
 You may talk of your bubbling brooks,
 You may sing of the "Brave Old Oak,"
 Oh, pit - y me, ye who dwell

On the scent of a nosegay fair ; They would
 You may sing of the streamlets bright ; It would
 praise the "Mountain Pine," I'd
 cabins with one small room ; Oh,



much pre - fer a chick - en pie, To flow - 'rets rich and rare, But I never com - plain.
 take the waters of both, I know, To make these clothes look white, But I never com - plain.
 rath - er have some splin - ters now, To kindle this fire of mine, But I never com - plain.
 pit - y me, ye who nev - er know What 'tis to handle a broom, But I never com - plain.

Pro Phundo Basso.

HIS COURTSHIPPE,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF WITH YE FULL AND WILLING
 CONSENT OF HIS LAWFULL AND BELOVED
 MIRANDA.

(In ye tone of A.)

Twas on a sunfull morning,
 All in ye month of May,
 When all ye birds and lambkins
 Didskippe and eke did play;
 A songfull youth did saunter
 With hearte so glad and gaye,
 Adown a trodden cow-path,
 Yclept ye "Milkey Waye."
 (Which youth itt was Pro Phundo
 Maybe 'twere good to saye.)
 His tunefull voice lamenting
 Of "faithfull ole dogg Traye,"
 Whose gentle, kinde attentions,
 Nor age nor grieffe could swaye.

Bewhiles ye kine bereaved,
 Most mournfully did braye,
 All for ye youthfull calfings
 Ye hutcherman did slaye.
 Full many a cock a crowing,
 With many a piping jay,
 To greete ye gladsome morning
 Did cheerfully essaye.
 Likewise to join Pro Phundo,
 And swell his roundelaye,
 Ye gorgeous sun aslantwise
 Didsend his kindest raye;
 Beglimmering on ye milk paille
 Of Miss MIRANDA GRAY.
 Pro Phundo's hearte did kindle
 As it were kiln-dried haye;
 Upon a bar post leaning,
 (Long since gone to decaye.)
 Ye question there he poppéd,
 Nor riskéd to delaye.
 Whiles Miss MIRANDA blithely
 Drew forth ye foaming spraye,
 Nor fright nor fitt of fainting
 Did she at this betraye,
 But gentlemaidly courage

And valour did displaye.
 Consented hence Pro Phundo,
 Pro Phundo is to daye

Come all ye sad and single,
 Who listen to my laye,
 Attende unto my counsell
 And eke ye saue obaye.
 From sweete and solid comforte
 Prythee no longer straye.
 From foolish affectation
 Turn heartily awaye.
 Behonest in your courtshippe,
 And frank also I praye.

When to an honest damsell
 An honest youth doth paye
 His honest hearte's affection,
 Why should she answer "naye."
 "Begone," her tonge a telling,
 Whiles all her hearte says "staye."

PRO PHUNDO & MIRANDA,

May all he blest as they



READER, we are going to have a good attractive paper this year. If you think so, we wish you would vote yourself a committee of about six, and get us some subscribers. We have a good many now, probably more than any other of the musical journals, but we are like the rest of the world, always wanting more. We will print a good large edition of this January number, and be ready for you. Dont disappoint us.

Dynamics.

"Johnny," sez I, "whenever you see f over a note, that means *forty*. What should you suppose ff would mean." "About *fifty*," sez he.

Root & Cady's "First Pieces."

BY JULES BENEDICT.

We desire to call especial attention to the new "Juvenile Series" of piano pieces, recently published by Root & Cady. They are meeting with just the success we expected for them. Our best city teachers tell us that this series of "first pieces" is, in attractiveness and usefulness, far ahead of any thing yet attempted in this direction. There are eight different "pieces" in this set, (price of each, 30 cts.,) arranged, as the title indicates, for first lessons, by the great London teacher and composer, Jules Benedict.

MR. S. WESLEY MARTIN will accept calls to conduct MUSICAL CONVENTIONS, Also, ELEMENTARY and ADVANCED SINGING CLASSES, meeting daily, and continuing from two to four weeks, or longer, if desired. Terms reasonable. Address, care ROOT & CADY, 67 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

Anecdote of Carlotta Patti.

Once upon a time, in the city of New York, a young lady, possessed of a fine soprano voice, was to decide by a sort of public rehearsal, her fate with the managerial powers of the Academy. A large number were invited, comprising all the musical critics and amateurs and professionals, and a large detachment from the theatrical and literary world, forming a formida-

ble audience for an unfledged bird to essay its virgin flight among. The opera selected for this morning's *debut* introduced the trembling young aspirant with the tenor, and he, as if to add to her nervousness and show his contempt for her ability, brought the open bars of his music to as many notes, that is, instead of giving her time to collect herself by singing all the opera set down for him, he hummed inaudibly a strain or so, and gave the concluding notes, the cue for the orchestral accompaniment to the *debutante's* aria, loudly and savagely, as if to say, "just see how I am paraded here with the Yankee novice—me, the silver-voiced consort of Italian nightingales." Weak and faint rose the first notes of the trembling girl; weaker and fainter they seemed to grow, as if scared at the sounds of their own weakness. Fluttered for a moment, it seemed as if her voice had deserted her entirely, when loud and clear as a bell, from the center of the house, the air was taken up. All eyes turned to the sweet face lit by friendly feeling for the poor singer, adding encouragement, and marking the time with her tiny hand, as she half rose in her seat in her anxiety to help a perfect stranger and a woman. In a moment the debutante took up the strain, and, as she gathered courage and heart to do that which was in her, the beautiful voice in the audience fell away from her, and

Music in this Number.

Instrumental—Voluntary.

Part Song—Coming of Spring.

Quartet—Sugar Making.

“ Bonny Boat.

“ She Waits for Thee.

Song & Chorus—Home in the Spring.

Poetry.

What Shall The Harvest Be.

BY P. P. BLISS.

Suggested by D. Hayden Lloyd.

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Root & Cady, 67 Washington St., Chicago.

Sowing the seed by the dawnlight fair,
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night;
Oh, what shall the harvest be,
Oh, what shall the harvest be.

Chorus—Sown in the darkness of sown in the
light,
Sown in our weakness or sown in our
night;
Gathered in time or eternity,
Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be.

Sowing the seed by the wayside high,
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil;
Oh, what shall the harvest be,
Oh, what shall the harvest be.

Chorus.

Sowing the seed of a ling'ring pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame;
Oh, what shall the harvest be,
Oh, what shall the harvest be.

Chorus.

Sowing the seed with an aching heart,
Sowing the seed while the teardrops start,
Sowing in hope till the reapers come,
Gladly to gather the harvest home;
Oh, what shall the harvest be,
Oh, what shall the harvest be.

Chorus.



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ROOT & CADY,

PUBLISHERS.

Vol. VIII.]

CHICAGO, MARCH, 1870.

[No. 3.]

The Musical Future of the Interior.

By C. M. CADY.

Between the Lake of the Woods on the north and the Gulf of Mexico on the south, the Alleghany Mountains on the east and the Rocky Mountains on the west, is situated the great prolific region of this continent, denominated in the first number of the *Advance* as the "Interior." Take a map and see how it compares in extent with the Atlantic slope on the east, and the Salt Lake basin and the Pacific slope on the west. An empire in extent, a garden in fertility, abounding in copper, iron, coal, and other sources of material wealth, it is capable, when fully developed, of sustaining a denser population than

any similar area upon the face of the globe. We talk of the population of the United States as being some day one hundred millions, and even this sounds large, but a few figures suffice to show how far below the mark this estimate is.

Massachusetts, mountainous, rocky, and barren as it is, sustains a population of more than two hundred to the square mile. The Interior contains of fertile, arable land alone, 1,234,183 square miles. A population only as dense as that of Massachusetts, will give it *two hundred and fifty millions of inhabitants*. But, when we remember that Belgium sustains a population of more than four hundred to the square mile, it will be seen that the Interior alone, boasts of a population of

five hundred millions, it will still have room for a few millions more. In 1860, there was in the Interior a population of over fifteen millions, or about half the entire population of the United States at that time. The census of 1870 will doubtless show that the Interior has now a population of not far from twenty-five millions, or about five-eighths of the present population of the United States. At the present ratio of increase in this region, which is a mean between arithmetical and geometrical progression, the Interior should reach a population of fifty millions in 1890, and the aforesaid five hundred millions about the year of grace, 2100; but as the conditions of increase, such as peace, good government, immigration, etc., may vary during this period, and as none of us will live to verify the accuracy of this last prediction, I will not be strenuous about it. The fifty millions in 1890, however, I insist upon.

As the first requisite for musical development is *people*, it will not appear so strange that I have taken pains to demonstrate that whatever elements of musical growth the interior may lack, there surely is no lack either present or prospective, of people. But there is more in the proposition that people are necessary to musical growth than appears at first sight. Enthusiasm is necessary to rapid progress in anything, and musical enthusiasm, like spontaneous combustion, is most easily kindled in masses. It was the mass that

both as performers and

made the Boston jubilee such a grand success. No similar gathering can hope to equal the *eclat* of that affair unless it brings together as many people. It is simply the momentum of numbers that often makes certain agencies succeed in large musical or religious gatherings, that fail in smaller ones. People speak of the success of congregational singing in Henry Ward Beecher's church, Brooklyn, as if it were something wonderful. It is not at all so. The most artistic quartette choir in the world would have a poor time in trying to shut the mouths of any congregation as large as that. It would be like trying to sit upon a warm volcano, an experiment neither comfortable nor safe. But try congregational singing in an audience thinly scattered over a church that only holds five hundred when full. You will then see the difference. You may catch agues in such a place, but never a fever. It is in such churches that quartette choirs flourish. Now, enlarge those congregations, and the thermometer begins to rise. Pull down the walls, build bigger, and keep on enlarging. You will, in this process, reach a point where quartette choirs will as inevitably die, as trichinæ do when the thermometer climbs to 212. (I mean by this no disrespect to quartette choirs. I highly prize them for artistic value, and if praising God by proxy is possible they would also be useful for other purposes.) Several

attempts in Chicago to reach the highest types of congregational singing, have been attended by every element of success, except one, and that was the congregation. We need not wonder that this lack proved a serious drawback. Congregational singing may be very satisfying in a small house, but its highest effect can only be realized in great masses.

The economical reasons that lead to large houses of worship and large congregations are not the most important ones. Sacred song, as the expression of cumulative religious fervor will take on new life with this tendency. Several church edifices are now being built in Chicago, each one of which will seat more people than Crosby's Opera House. With an audience of 2500 or 3000 people, will come a religious enthusiasm that will find vent in song. The impulse may be thwarted and baffled in many ways, but it will be too mighty to be long resisted. It will triumph in the end if it have the momentum of numbers to back it, and we shall soon see results in congregational singing which have heretofore been only dreamed of. So with singing classes, Sunday schools, musical societies, conventions, and festivals. The Interior is rapidly passing from the frigidity of a sparse population into the enthusiasm of numbers, and will soon be in a condition to make progress in music which has hitherto been impossible.

If the graded system of musical instruction now practised in the public schools of Chicago be faithfully pursued two years longer, ten thousand ready readers of vocal music may be gathered from the schools of this city alone.

What monster musical festivals will then be possible! In addition to the murmuring vales and beautiful landscapes that music now reveals to us, we may then uncover our heads in some of its grandest cathedrals. In determining the musical future of the Interior, however, the rapid increase of its people is but one element. It remains for us to enquire, "To what extent do the people of the Interior love music, and to what extent can they command the means to gratify that love?"

Fun at Home.

Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people. Don't shut up your house lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh should shake down some of the old cobwebs there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without, when they come home at night.

When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink, and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling-houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at

their own hearthstones, it will be sought in other and less profitable places.

Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the home-nest delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment around the lamp and firelight of home blots out, the resemblance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.—*Littlestown Press.*

We learn from the *Scientific American* that a patent for warming piano-forte keys, so as to make practising a pleasure in the coldest weather is announced in London. The improvement is made by means of little cylinders of hot water concealed under the keys.

"Musical gymnastics" is a term not unfrequently used in a figurative sense, but it is an accomplished fact in a London Music hall. One Mr. Forrest and his sons performed on a tight rope while playing on violins, and they wound up by a series of somersaults, each playing a fiddle, without missing a note, during his performance. The spectacle of an orchestra performing a symphony by Beethoven, keeping time with the conductor's baton, in a series of jumps and somersaults would be sure to attract a great crowd.

Mr. Root's Corner.

Why is Music and What For?

Will you read this carefully? You know that was the arrangement. If anything was written here that required thought you were not to skip it.

If any part of this seems to you incorrect let me know. I shall be very glad of criticism.

Music comes from a law in our being which says: "In exercise alone there is growth and development."

Those powers in us that are exercised grow stronger.

Those that are not exercised decline and die.

Affections and emotions are powers of the mind.

With every affection good or bad is an impulse to say or do something that shall exercise and increase it.

The voice being one of the means by which man exercises his affections, every word of endearment, or expression of emotion, if sincere, is an exercise of some affection.

Words of affection and sounds of emotion, because they prolong the vowels have in them song or tune in a rudimentary form.

(In all words the vowels are the emotional elements, and the consonants the thought elements. If we are speaking to the intellects or reasoning powers of men, we do not dwell on the vowels, but go quick and straight to the consonants. If, on the other hand, we are appealing to their feelings, and trying to draw out their emotions, we unconsciously prolong and dwell upon the vowels. This would be illustrated by the two ways in which we utter the following sentences:

Intellectual. Two things, each of which is equal to a third, are necessarily equal to each other.

Emotional. O wondrous power!
O tender love!

That brought our Saviour from above.

It is hardly necessary to say in this connection, that words, to be good for music, must be emotional rather than intellectual.)

Every affection or emotion has its proper sound or manifestation and this is the beginning of music, for music is the voice of the affections. Every one who can speak, can, and does make these rudimentary musical sounds in the emotional utterances of every day life.

So long as these utterances are from our own hearts, in our own words, spontaneous and natural, there is no difficulty about the musical part of them, for the tones we use are Nature's own expressions of emotion.

It is only when we try to express the emotions of others in words not our own that difficulty commences, and it is only when we must entertain others with our utterance that it becomes to some impossible.

A musical utterance is therefore not only a necessity of our nature but there are gradings of its *form* or *tune* all the way from the prolonging of the vowel sounds in words of affection, to the oratorios of Handel and the symphonies of Beethoven—gradings all the way from the unpremeditated utterances of every day life to the artistic sounds and forms that are prescribed in the highest musical compositions.

Up to a certain point in this gradation all may join, for this, which is the greatest use of music, is as free as the air we breathe, and as easy of application.

But there is a point where music begins to be wanted for the sake of its sounds or tune, and there some must stop, because their utterances, however beneficial to themselves, would not entertain others. So a form of utterance or tune, well suited to express and ex-

ercise certain good affections, may be used merely for musical entertainment, or the sensuous enjoyment that comes from pleasant sounds, but this is like using fine fruit to gratify the sight and smell instead of applying it to the nourishment of the body. The one is not to be despised, but is of small importance in comparison with the other.

Our affections cannot be fully exercised by the singing of another; our senses may be gratified, and we may receive new impulses to action, but there is no escape from the law that every one must exercise his own powers if they be exercised at all. It cannot be done by proxy. The excitement to our emotional nature by the song of others is preparatory. If it causes us to do something for ourselves it is useful, if it be only to obey the scriptural injunction and clap our hands, for that is some expression, and consequent exercise of the affection that has been roused.

If, however, we are induced to dwell upon the affection excited, and it grows strong enough to burst forth in some responsive word or act, then we have exercised it in fullness and an ultimate result has been reached.

Music from others seeks some answering affection in us. It is impressed upon our emotional nature, and if there is a chord there in harmony with it, it will surely vibrate, but *with every affection there is an impulse to action and the action must be ours.*

All may not be able to give that form to their utterance which is commonly called a tune, but while that is desirable it is not necessary to the highest uses of emotional utterance and is only really needed when the object is musical entertainment.

There are two departments of the mind. We have alluded to the inner in

speaking of that in which the affections and emotions reside. In the outer is the intellect or reasoning powers, memory, etc.

Affections and emotions are to some extent blind forces and must act into some plan or form of thought—must be directed by intelligence and reason to be safe and useful.

In some persons the emotional nature predominates; in others, the intellectual.

So in the arts and sciences.

Mathematics is more of the intellect, and music of the affections.

While every act of man has in it something of both departments, since every *thought* springs from some desire, and every desire seeks to clothe itself with some thought or plan for its gratification, still an intellectual act may have very little emotion, and an emotional act very little intelligence.

For instance, a person may add numbers together with little emotion, or his emotions may burst forth in song with almost no exercise of the intellect or reasoning powers.

From this arises the fact that a person having a strong emotional nature and a good voice may be an attractive and useful singer without much strength or exercise of the intellectual faculties. It is also because good music is so much more dependant upon the natural gifts of voice and muscular aptness, than upon rules, reasonings, and terms, that these latter have been, and continue to be, illogical, confused, and contradictory in the science of music.

The intellectual part of music, however secondary, is still of some importance, and for that reason an effort be made to improve its scientific elements and to suggest a more accurate and meaning of its terms.

Moderato.

m

Fine.

mf *Dim.* *mf*

D. C.

COMING OF SPRING.

37

Music by S. WESLEY MARTIN.

Joyfully.

1. Winter's cru - el reign is o - ver, Ver - nal airs blow soft a - gain; Blackbird, sky - lark, thrush and

2. Mes - sen - gers of spring are fly - ing, Far from re - gions o'er the sea; Voice to voice its wel - come

3. Sheep and kine their stalls for - sak - ing, Snuff with joy the breath of Spring; While the voice of na - ture

plov - er, Join and swell this mer - ry strain. La, la, la, la,

ery - ing, Raise the song of tune - ful glee. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

wak - ing, Makes the echo - ing woodlands ring. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

COMING OF SPRING.—CONCLUDED.

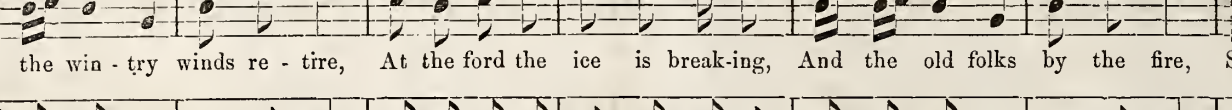
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SUGAR MAKING.

Words arranged from the "Youth's Companion."

T. MARTIN TOWNE.



1. Now the win - try winds re - tire, At the ford the ice is break-ing, And the old folks by the fire, Sit, and talk of

2. Soon the blue birds, and the bees, O'er the stub - ble will be wing-ing, So 'tis time to tap the trees, And to set the

3. Cro - cus - es are peep - ing out, All a - long the south-ern bor - der, So 'tis time to stir a - bout, Time to put the

su - gar mak - ing; { 'Tis the bus - y, bust - ling March, And the month the ques - tion set - tles, }
 That 'tis time to mend the arch, Time to scour the rust - y ket - tles. } O the glad - est

axe a - ring - ing; { Time to hew and shape the trough, And to burn the spile so hol - low, }
 For the snow is melt - ing off, And the su - gar - thaw must fol - low. }

camp in or - der; { Time to set the hut to rights, Where the boys and girls to - geth - er, }
 Tend the fur - nace fire o' nights, In the rough and rain - y weath - er. } O the glad - est

time of year, is the mer - ry su - gar making, When the swal - lows first ap - pear, And the sleep - y buds are wak - ing.

time of year, is the mer - ry su - gar making, When the swal - lows first ap - pear, And the sleep - y buds are wak - ing.

THE SONG MESSENGER.

J. R. MURRAY, EDITOR.

CHICAGO, MARCH, 1870.

TERMS.—60 cents a year. To clubs of ten or more, 50 cents each—invariably in advance. Single copies 8 cents. Issued on the first of every month.

The pressure upon our columns this month obliges us to omit the "leader" usually printed in this part of the paper.

Graded Songs.

These books (four in number) are doing a revolutionary work. The usual way of teaching singing is in classes, taught by persons who make it a specialty. But the Graded Songs are so simple in beginning, and so gradual in the progress, that little children can sing them, and the teachers of our day schools can teach them.

All of our people are musical, and it only needs that the children of the land have music in a proper way, that we be second to none in musical culture.

These books are from the pen of a practical worker. No theories are promulgated unless they have been previously tested and found correct.

We look upon Mr. Blackman as the leader in that peculiar theory, that music can and must be taught daily by a regular teacher. Still this is not a theory. He proved it by hard years of work, before he

Having had charge of the music in the Chicago schools so long, we feel confident in recommending his works.

To Piano Teachers.

Mr. W. S. B. Mathews, one of the best piano teachers in this city, has just issued a little "Graded List of Piano Forte Pieces, suitable to the Wants of Teachers." The one before us is for the third grade. The pieces selected by Mr. Matthews are the choicest of that grade of composition, selected with great care. Added to the list are remarks to the teacher upon technique, style, aesthetical considerations, etc, which are alone worth the price asked for the whole. Price 25 cents. Address, W. S. B. Mathews, care Lyon & Healy, Chicago.

Music Here and Elsewhere.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club have again favored our city with two of their unparalleled concerts. Miss Jennie Busk gains favor with every hearing. She is destined to become one of our finest sopranos. They give two more concerts in this city after the present tour through Michigan, then they will return to the East by way of Canada, concertising as they go.

The Germania Mannerchor's first appearance in opera last month was eminently successful. The opera performed was "Der Freischuetze," and we do not remember witnessing a better performance of it, either by amateurs or regularly organized opera troupes. The chorus certainly has not been excelled by any that has yet appeared upon the boards of the Opera House. Mr. Balatka conducted with his usual efficiency, and the public have to thank him for these successful performances.

A Grand Musical Jubilee has recently been held

in Pontiac, Mich.—Mr. C. T. Lockwood, the popular composer, director. It lasted ten days, closing with three grand concerts. Among the choruses performed were "Glory to God," "Hallelujah," and the "Glory of the Lord," from the "Messiah," "The Marvellous Work," "The Heavens are Telling," etc., from the "Creation," also, selections from "Judas Maccabeus," "St. Paul," "Elijah," etc. At the concerts, "Soft Floating on the Air," by F. W. Root, from the "Triumph," and "We'll have to Mortgage the Farm," by C. T. Lockwood, were received with marked favor. The whole jubilee was a great success. Go on, brother Lockwood, you are doing a good thing.

The cantata of "Esther, the Beautiful Queen," is soon to be brought out in Crosby's Opera House, with costumes, scenery, etc., by E. M. Foote, Esq., of this city.

"What Shall the Harvest Be."

We desire to call special attention to a new song with the above title, by P. P. Bliss. We print the words on the first page of this number of our paper. The song is so beautiful in both words and music, and so elevating and ennobling in its tendency, that we know we are doing the public a favor by calling attention to it in this way.

Answers to Correspondents.

L. A. J.—We do not publish an "extra" now with every number of the SONG MESSENGER. We shall, however, issue a SONG MESSENGER, double, next month.

S. E. J.—There is no mistake in the second line of music on page 99 of the "Triumph." At least, none in our book.

S. S. F.—We can explain to you the nature of the "leading tone," or "seven of the scale," but we cannot tell you why it is so any more than you can tell us why the grass grows on the ground instead of on trees, or why acorns do not grow on small bushes, and pumpkins on the gigantic oak.

W. J. B.—We have no data at hand at present

with which to decide your question, but we believe investigation will prove the song to be American in its origin.

J. H. D.—The direction for singing the tune you mention is incorrect. It should be *Dal Segno*, instead of *Da Capo Al Segno*.

J. N.—In the next SONG MESSENGER will be found full particulars about the Normal at South Bend next summer.

Mr. J. M. Stillman, of Albion, Wis., a very successful music teacher, is busy holding conventions in the above State. He says of the Pacific Glee Book, "It is just the thing, and is extremely popular in all my classes."

The Yuse of Mewsick into Meetin.

By P. BENSON, Sr., which the sr. it stands for singer.

If thay are a orgin into the meetin hous, it is verry usephool to play onto it as loud as possible while the people is comin into the meetin. Marches and sircuss toones is the best for sitch times. The people kan keep step to it as thay kum in; & them that's in, & are settin onto thair seets kan keep time to the mewsick by stampin thair feet onto the floor to keep thair toes from freezin, & the sircuss mewsick will set them a thinkin of the munkies & the spotted horses with a man ridin onto 4 of them & the clown and sitch, and whilst thay are a thinkin of these things thayll forget how cold thay are, which will leave thair minds in a better frame of mind for the services.

I mite here observe a remark, that in winter time the fire shooudent ought to be made into meetin till its time for meetin to take up. This will give a fine oppoortoonity for the peaple to stop at the stove to warm as thay cum in & when its a reel cold day & a big croud round the stove, it will make them feel verry happy to stand back in the cold & think how cumfertable them is whitch is standin next to the stove.

Besides, it sumtimes gits too hot into meetin be four its out enny way, & if the fire was started enny arlier of coarse it wood be jist so much hotter. & then if its reel cold into the meetin, the peaple's breth will look like the steam from a steam injin locomotive onto a rale-rode, & this will be kwrite pleezing to the smoll boys.

& a nuther thing, them that goes to meetin goes for the good of the meetin, & it will be a good thing for them to lurn to suffer hardships with pashents, so the uncumfortabler it is the better. Be shure to doant open enny of the windoughs to let in enny fresh air. It is eezier breathin the same air over and over agane for the moar it is breathed the moar it gits yuse to it. & then breathin the same air over agane that sumbuddy else has breathed be four, is kind a soshable like, and has a subdoo in effeck onto the congerrygation. I have noad it to be so subdooing sumtimes as to put the heft of them asleep.

If it gits reel hot, and sum old feller

gits to swettin, open a windough right at the back of his neck, so he ken cool off reel qwick. If he was to go out door that way all swetty he might take cold. Sum uther things that mewsick is yuse-phool into meetin I will speek of into the futer.

Teachers Wanting Places.

A situation as Organist is desired by
F. T. BIDWELL,
Bristol, Connecticut.

PLACES WANTING TEACHERS.

A good Piano Teacher is wanted at Galva, Ill. Twenty or thirty pupils can be secured by a competent person. Pianos and room furnished free.
Address JOHN F. DAVIS,
Galva, Ill.

There is an excellent opening in Deaver and vicinity, Col., for a good teacher of vocal music. One qualified to teach juvenile and adult classes is desired. A man of good character and ability would be liberally patronized. For particulars address
B. F. WOODWARD,
Denver, Col.

Electricity.

We extract the following from one of Peregrine Pickle's late letters to the *Chicago Tribune*:

"And this reminds me that the item of musical intelligence which I gave you last Sunday, in reference to the simultaneous playing of church organs by electricity, promises to develop into reality, and not only to apply to organs, but also to pianos, Heaven be praised. If this one man power could be extended to church service, it would be still better. For instance, if one smart

preacher could be made in some manner to preach simultaneously in all the churches, it would save us many dull sermons, and the pew slips wouldn't be turned into bedrooms so often. If one smart man could be made to pay all the pew rents punctually what a blessing he would be. If one choir could be made to do all the parlor concert singing, and some unfortunate devil be made to do all the attending, what a boon would be conferred upon the race! But, in relation to pianos, I hope this electrical arrangement will be speedily consummated. It would prove an immense saving in the education of thousands of musical young women with whom the world is afflicted, for paterfamilias when he wanted a tune after dinner, could at once signal the eminent pianist at the Central Station, and get it well played without any fuss or trouble. The most heavenly relief the system would afford, however, would consist in the fact that we should no longer see young women cutting up such fantastic tricks with "The Monastery Bell" and the Strauss waltzes, and that the world would be happily freed from the thousands upon thousands of artists with which it now swarms. In the rather caustic language of the London *Athenæum*, 'This would at once release several women from an occupation in which few of them excel, and enable them to devote their attention to public affairs, in which they are so anxious to take a part.'

SINGAWATHA.

Do you ask me whence these numbers,
Whence these joyful, happy numbers,
That come flowing from my pen?
Listen! listen! let me tell you,
Let me tell you whence these numbers
That come flowing from my pen.

Far away in Indi(a), An(n)a,
In the county named from Johnson,
(But not I I I Johnson
Who the circle traveled round.)
In the city named from Franklin,
Then we held a "singin skewl,"
Real, old-fashioned "singin skewl."

Every scholar had the fever,
Hard they had the singing fever
That M. D.'s but little cure.

"Well—'Hem—are they not Hoosiers?"
Yes indeed—
But hav'nt you learned yet, friend in need
Of
That Hoosiers are like other people?
Laughing, talking, human people?
Jolly-hearted, singing people?
E'en frequently some "right smart" people?
If you have not, you should see them;
You should visit down in Franklin,
Capital of Johnson County,
In the State of Indiana.
Say unto them—"please to sing some?"
And they'll make the music ring some,
In the Triumph, anything—some.

Here, about two hundred scholars
With their voices—and their dollars—
Greeted us from day to day
Till we'd done and said our say.

Next to Hopewell did we speed
Tuneful stomachs then to feed,
We thought they'd get their fill indeed;—
But when, alas! the busy hum
Of "good byes" filled to brim the room,
And parting time at last had come,—
Some yet insid' that before
We parted, they would like some more!

But away, away, we cannot stay;
From here we must quickly speed away
On lightning train, both night and day,
Till fair Arcola's bounds we reach,
Where we are next engaged to teach.
If any others want us, write,
MESSENGER, my dear, good night,
ye SWEET MUSH.

HOME IN THE SPRING.

Words by R. H. HARDING.

Music by J. R. MURRAY.

Moderato.

1. Wind of the wild West, blow, blow, blow, Swift-ly, stead-y and strong, O-ver the moun-tain
 2. Go to my home, my moth-er's cot, And these your tid-ings bring—"Be of good cheer, be
 3. Moth-er has oft-times sighed and wept, Think-ing me dead and gone: Mourn-ing and griev-ing

CHORUS.

peaks of snow, And the prai-rie wide and long. Then, wind of the wild West, blow, blow, blow, To my
 mourn-ing no more, Your boy will be home in the Spring."

while oth-ers slept For the ab-sent, rov-ing one. Then, wind of the wild West, blow, blow, blow, To my

home in the far East go, go, go, And bear these tid-ings on your wing—Moth-er, your boy will be home in the Spring.

home in the far East go, go, go, And bear these tid-ings on your wing—Moth-er, your boy will be home in the Spring.

BONNY BOAT.

Words and Music by S. WESLEY MARTIN.

43

Gently, Slowly, Smoothly.



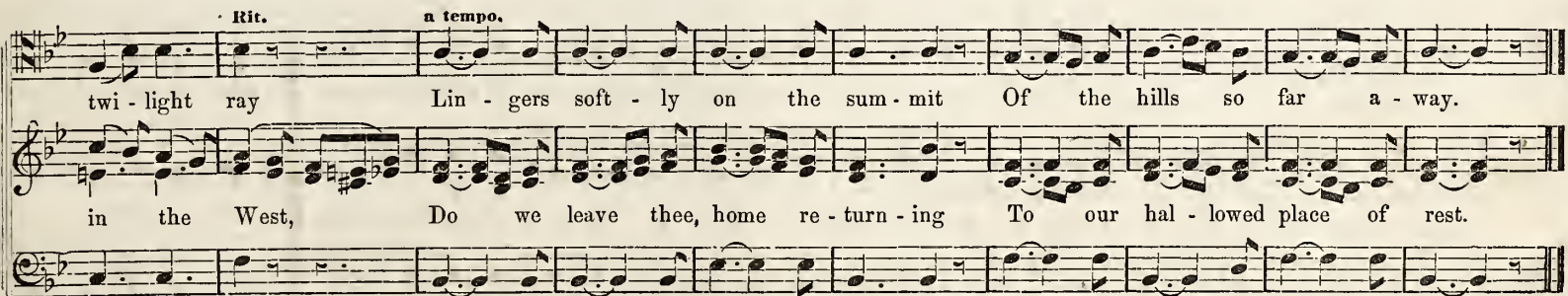
1. Bon - ny boat, so smooth - ly flow-ing O'er the lake - let's sil - ver tide, While the wa - ter's gen - tle

2. As we ply our oars so nim-bly, To the meas - ure of our song, Oh, how gent - ly, yet so



mu - sic On the air doth soft - ly glide. How we love t'en - joy thy pleas-ure, As the even - ing's

swift - ly, Dost thou glide, our boat, a - long. Nor till twi - light soft hath fad - ed From our vis - ion



Rit. *a tempo.*

twi - light ray Lin - gers soft - ly on the sum - mit Of the hills so far a - way.

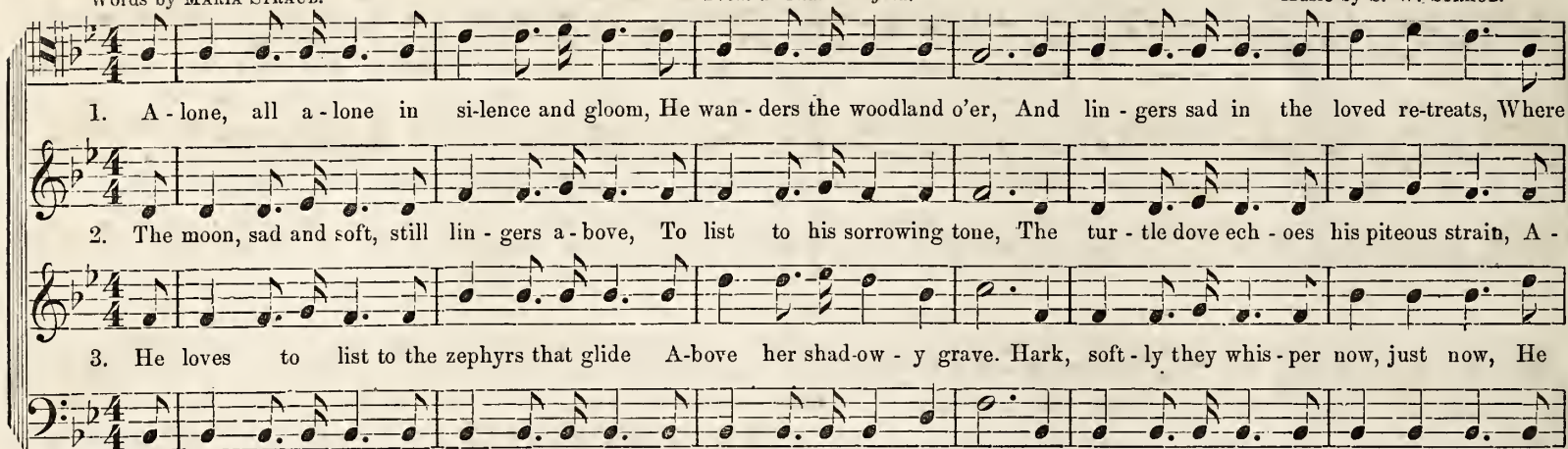
in the West, Do we leave thee, home re - turn - ing To our hal - lowed place of rest.

SHE WAITS FOR THEE IN THE SPIRIT LAND.

Words by MARIA STRAUB.

From an Indian Legend.

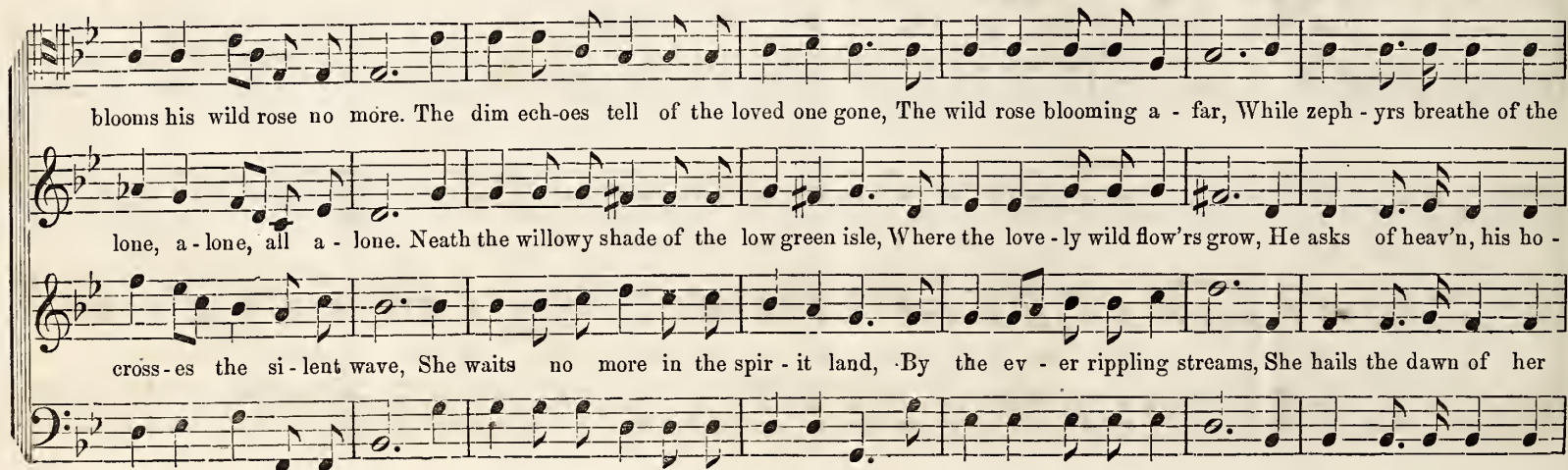
Music by S. W. STRAUB.



1. A - lone, all a - lone in si - lence and gloom, He wan - ders the woodland o'er, And lin - gers sad in the loved re - treats, Where

2. The moon, sad and soft, still lin - gers a - bove, To list to his sorrowing tone, The tur - tle dove ech - oes his piteous strain, A -

3. He loves to list to the zephyrs that glide A - bove her shad - ow - y grave. Hark, soft - ly they whis - per now, just now, He



blooms his wild rose no more. The dim ech - oes tell of the loved one gone, The wild rose blooming a - far, While zeph - yrs breathe of the

lone, a - lone, all a - lone. Neath the willowy shade of the low green isle, Where the love - ly wild flow'rs grow, He asks of heav'n, his ho -

cross - es the si - lent wave, She waits no more in the spir - it land, By the ev - er rippling streams, She hails the dawn of her

CHORUS.

beauteous words, The rose will wait for her star. She waits for thee, she waits for thee, she waits for thee, she waits for thee, In the

li - est trust, To guide his beau - ti - ful rose. She waits for thee, she waits for thee In the

morn - ing star, In the land of her hap - pi - est dreams. She waits for thee, she waits for thee, she waits for thee, she waits for thee, In the

LAST VERSE—She waits no more, she waits no more, &c.

spir - it land, the spir - it land, in the spir - it land, the spir - it land. She waits for thee, in the spir - it land.

spir - it land, in the spir - it land. She waits for thee in the spir - it land.

spir - it land, the spir - it land, in the spir - it land, the spir - it land, the spir - it land,..... in the spir - it land.....

Grund's Twelve Studies.

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

The publication of so important a help to advanced piano-players as this excellent set of studies deserves especial notice. Every teacher, of course, is interested to know what they are for, and what like. First, then, for a word of their history.

While in Leipsic, Mr. Penfield was set to work at Grund's Studies, which he found were not in print in the music stores, as they had come into that "between hay and grass" state that comes to every musical work when it is too old to be fresh and in lively demand, and too new to be classic. In the Conservatory library he found the set he wanted, but there was only one there. So, with true Yankee prescience, he kept the copy a comfortable while, and made a complete transcript of its pages. When these twelve studies were first published, Robert Schumann was editor of the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," in which he gave the new work the following welcome:

NOTE.—Would that all persons could see how high we hold these Etudes above mediocre works which so often are made to cover up the excellencies of more worthy compositions. What makes these Etudes of pre-eminent value to us, is, that in character, as well as in the formation of technique, they furnish at the same time food for the hand and the mind.

In No. 1 a figure is carried through for the strengthening of the fingers of the right hand, especially the weaker ones. A trait which characterizes this study, as also nearly all the others, and which has become to the composer almost a habit,

is that towards the last, a new melodic idea enters, whereby the original motive appears repressed, yet not entirely stopped. This treatment pleases us exceedingly.

No. 2. Exercise in octaves, and more than that—a poetic picture sketched by a delicate artist hand.

No. 3. Soft and smooth, without special distinction. The pedals should be raised at the end of the measure.

No. 4. Effective when played rapidly note up, on note.

No. 7. Is an old acquaintance, which as an exercise often gave us trouble.

No. 8. Admirable; of Ossian-like character. The consecutive fifths which occur do not annoy us. We consider it of more value that our author does not seek to avoid them in a pedantic manner.

No. 9. In the style of Hummel.

No. 10. The most spiritual and original throughout, from the first to the last measure. *We paint it red.*

No. 11. Difficult, but useful and will repay study.

No. 12. Consists mainly of the movement employed in No. 7.

(Schumann's "Gesammelte Schriften über Musik und Musiker.")

And so it comes that before us lies the first book of Grund's Studies, Op., 24.

In point of difficulty, these are about equal to Cramer's Studies, but more interesting and more modern in style. No. 1. has no tempo direction; we presume it, however, to be *allegro*. It starts out with this motive:



During three pages this formula is carried through a very interesting treatment. The especial value of this melodic design lies in the exercise it gives to the third and fourth fingers. Presently the left hand takes a turn at it, and comes out in this way:

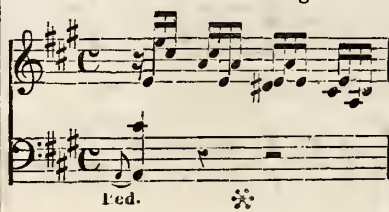


No. 2 gives us a light exercise in octaves, with a syncopated rhythm. It runs:



On the lower line of the sixth page it would perhaps have been better to print the octaves in the base in full, for careless players will be likely to play a finger passage as it now stands, ignoring the "con 8^{va}" written under.

No 3 is less unusual. It begins:



After awhile the left hand gets a chance at the same tune.

But to print the motives of the three remaining studies of this book would take too much of the space we have reserved to ourselves in which to discuss the pedagogic value of the work.

Reckoning upon seven grades, I suppose that the better class of teachers have to some extent come into the use of the following sets of studies. In the second grade, Czerny's "Etudes of Mechanism." In the third grade, Heller's Op. 46, Book I. In the fourth, Köhler's Velocity and Heller's Op. 45 (of which I prefer Book II.) In the fifth we have Cramer, one or two sets of Köhler, and Heller's Op. 16. But it seems to me that in this grade these twelve studies by Grund have a very important use. They have a more poetic æsthetic than any of Köhler's, and are more consonant with our nineteenth century states of spirit than are Cramer's, and they form a good helpmeet to Moschelles famous Op. 70, which in style they somewhat resemble.

It is to be hoped, therefore, that, conflicting with no established favorites, and meeting with a well-defined need in the piano-teachers' repertory, they may find that hearty welcome and acceptance which alone can strengthen the publishers to undertake more enterprises of great pith and moment.

Sketches in Europe.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER BY "C. T. R."

Speaking of the British Museum in London, he says: "The immense collections of this king of museums are so numerous that we could only rush through it almost without stopping.

Two of the collections, however, held us in spite of ourselves. One was a collection of autograph papers of great men and women, including letters of all the English kings and queens, Calvin, Erasmus, Moore, Galileo, Newton, Angelo, Reubens, Rembrandt, Addison, Voltaire, Corneille, Rousseau, Milton, Napoleon I., and, in fact, of all the distinguished men of all countries. I never saw anything of the kind so complete and so interesting. It contained the veritable magna charta, signed by King John at Runnymede, an autograph letter of Swedenborg, and the original contract between Milton and his publishers, in which the former relinquishes all right and title to "Paradise Lost" in consideration of—five pounds!

The other object of interest was the Geological Cabinet, probably the finest in the world. "The wonders of the rocks" are greater than I ever imagined, and I was so much delighted that it was hard work to leave the marvels of color and shape, but it had to be done, and we next imposed ourselves for an hour on Mad. Tussand, of "wax figger" reputation. Here we saw a manner of

notables and notorieties done so near to the life that on several occasions when I was critically examining some modern looking specimen, and searching for its description in the catalogue, the "figure" stood my hair on end by moving off in an animated manner, and I discovered that I had stared an unoffending spectator out of countenance. Also I was very much annoyed by an old lady who kept persistently at the head of "The Sleeping Beauty" in such a way as to prevent my circulating with the desired freedom. I waited civilly a minute and then nudged the old lady as a hint to move on. This nudge had only the effect of communicating to my venerable friend a general and very wooden tremor, and on examining closely I was horrified to find that I had treated in this unseemly manner a smiling figure of Mad. Tussand herself, who sits at the head of her *chef d'oeuvre* everlastingly taking a pinch of snuff. This Sleeping Beauty is a figure of a young girl lying under a lace veil, whose bosom rises and falls by machinery, giving rather a startling appearance of life."

"F. W. R." endorses the "wax figgers" in the following strain:

"Mad. Tussand's exhibition is indeed worth seeing. The wax works really have the appearance of life, and one gets sold at every turning either by taking a live person to be made of wax or vice versa. It

wouldn't do to sit or stand still for any length of time, or you would have somebody surveying you from head to foot and looking in the catalogue to see what celebrated murderer you might be. At one place was seated a dummy, well dressed, looking at a group of figures, and I, in my honest simplicity, found myself on the point of apologising to the old wax reprobate for going in front of him."

From Chepstow, Wales, "C. T. R." writes: "Arrived in the classic town of Chepstow at 6½ o'clock and then rode five miles in a carriage and the dark to Tyntern Abbey, or rather what's left of it. This magnificent ruin, from the 13th century is situated among the wooded hills in quite a wild region, and in its day must have been the very outpost of christianity in this direction.

We got to it after night had fairly set in, and we were afraid before arriving that our trouble was thrown away. But the night was clear, and we found the light almost perfect. No one can pretend to describe the effect of seeing such a thing as this, especially under the circumstances which accompanied our visit. When we got fairly within its walls and stood on its grassy floor, we stopped and looked around with really a little genuine awe. Through the hollow windows on either side we could just distinguish the faint, still outline of the hills. Above us twinkled the stars, and in the delicate tracery of the

empty windows they gleamed and shone like gems in an ebony setting. Everything seemed quiet for miles around but the grey owl that hooted from the ivied wall or the night wind that we could feel rolling under the shadowy arches. For an hour we wandered through this grand old church, through nave and transept, shrines and chapels, and among forgotten graves, and we seemed to lack but little of seeing the mailed knights and hooded monks who, centuries ago, bent to receive a benediction from that great pulpit of which only the crumbling steps remain."

Correspondence.

GARDEN GROVE, Iowa, Feb. 1870.

DEAR MESSENGER:

We have recently held a Convention which was conducted by Professor Waugh of Albia. The Professor successfully demonstrated the difference between actual merit and plagiaristic pretensions. Modest, unassuming, and entirely meritorious nobody would know his gifts by his own trumpeting, but, never was a convention conducted more successfully or skillfully. Never was a more gentlemanly, patient, and accomplished conductor. We hope to see more of his work in this direction

J. A. W.

LAWRENCE, Mass., Feb. 1870.

DEAR MESSENGER:

The Choral Union of this city recently gave its first concert. The "Creation" was performed entire, and gave great satisfaction to a large audience. We are pleased to say that the concert was in all respects a success.

Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" is now being rehearsed, and will be performed at the next concert with other music of a lighter character.

Mr. Lyford, who is our most successful and popular teacher of singing schools has, as usual, a large class, and is doing a good work in this direction.

We are much pleased, Mr. Editor, with the music received, especially "Mother's Waiting for her Children" and "No Letters from Home." We commend them to all lovers of the true, the good and beautiful in song. J. K. C.

MILLERSBURG, Ohio, Jan. 24, 1870.

EDITOR SONG MESSENGER:

Our Convention is over, and was a perfect success in every particular. Each member of the convention, so far as I have ascertained, seems to vie with all the others in their praise of Mr. Bliss and his esteemed lady for the hearty and sociable manner in which they entered into the good work of teaching Buckeyes how to sing. Our convention was held at Paint Valley, not Millersburg, as you supposed. Paint Valley is neither village nor city, but a church is erected there, and it is situated six miles from any town, and you need not be surprised when I tell you Mr. Bliss's face assumed lengthy proportions when he first beheld the place. He was loud in his predictions that not fifty singers could be assembled there, but when we furnished him a class of one hundred and sixty his face began to assume its natural shape. Yours, ANDREW JOHNSTON.

DUNKIRK, N. Y.

CONUNDRUM.

Why don't convention geers attend the first session, Tuesday morning, at 10 o'clock? Give it up?

Ans. Because they think nothing will be done, which is generally the case if nobody is present; thus a good part of the first day is lost, and the four days' convention, advertised and paid for, is really reduced to a little more than three awful short days.

This fault lies at the door of the dear conductors who, caring more for green, than black or white notes, have educated the people to "take no note of time." But Dunkirk was well done though not in a "kirk," in Bartholomew's splendid Opera

House, where we had over 100 XXlent singers, and an orchestra of 10 pieces, under the Theodore Thomasonian leadership of Mr. Brown of Jamestown, who also furnished one of his good pianos for our use. Chautauqua Co. Musical Association is a success, and officers BREED and TAW know just how to run a convention.

OTTO, CATT. CO., N. Y.

This convention also opened by losing half a day. Mr. L. O. Emerson was engaged to conduct, but telegraphed on Monday, "Sick, cannot come." I was at once mistaken for L. O. E., and you may guess the rest. The good people soon made me feel at home, and with 130 singers of course we were "happy and gay."

Intending when I went to remain only a day or two, and that *in cog.* if possible. I felt at first some as I did about twenty years ago, when with two other little rascals I went on an independent plum-ological appropriation expedition. The old farmer who owned the tree happened to be in an adjoining field, so "we met by chance, the usual way." He made us sit down on a log beside him and eat all we had stolen, and then promise if we ever wanted any more to come and ask him for them.

But Otto gave a good concert (don't you think it *ought to?*) after which we had a regular oyster supper and a glorious moonlight sleigh ride to Catt. Station. Am to meet these kind friends again in convention at Leon. Sept 13, at 10 o'clock. A. M. Thanks to Pres. Morse and Sec. Clark.

P. P. BLISS.

BALTO. Feb'y., 1870.

DEAR MESSENGER:

Since my last we have enjoyed a short, but exceedingly pleasant season of Italian Opera, having been favoured with a visit from Maretzek's Troupe from New York, with Kellogg, Lefranc and Ronconi, as leading artists. The success of the season was the production of Rossini's master-piece, "William Tell," with Lefranc as tenor, and put on the stage with appointments seldom if ever equalled by any troupe, itinerant or stationary. I trust before the year is out they will pay you a visit.

Next week the Parepa-Rosa Troupe opens here. Though the operas given, with but one or two exceptions, are the old stock pieces, yet the number and merits of the various stagers will more than atone.

We have had the usual amount of concerts. One by the Germania Maennerchor, of this city, was particularly fine, the second part of the programme, consisting of the descriptive musical representation of "Night"—music by Julius Otto.

The third Haydn concert took place the other evening with Miss Reber of Sandusky, Ohio, as soprano soloist. As far as could be determined, the Western girl seemed to make quite a favorable impression.

The usual round of halls, etc., has been very agreeably varied by the production of Auber's "Le Domino Noir" by a number of amateur musicians of our fashionable circles. The first representation, which came off the other night, proved such a success that it has been determined to repeat it for the benefit of a local charity.

The usual number of Peabody concerts have been given, but the programmes have contained nothing particularly new or striking.

Yours, etc.,

D.

Graded List of Pieces for the Piano,

SELECTED FROM

Root & Cady's Catalogue.

No. I.

The letters following the name of the piece indicate the key, and the figures the grade of difficulty.

Make me no Gaudy Chaplet. F 1.....	10
Spanish Dance. G 1.....	10
Hunting Rondo. C 2.....	35
Twin Blossoms. No. 1. G 2.....	20
Little Humming Song. C 3.....	20
Choral. G 3.....	20
Dreaming of Angels. D 4.....	60
Il Desiderio. A 4.....	35
Devotion. B 5.....	30
Danse des Nalades. A Flat 5.....	50
Eloge de Ernst. E Flat 6.....	35
Semiramide. D. K. 7.....	125

Root & Cady's Musical Bulletin FOR MARCH.

VOCAL.

What Shall the Harvest Be? Song and Chorus by P. P. Bliss. This beautiful song, although before the public but a few days, is quite popular, and bids fair to become one of our most successful publications. The words will be found on the first page of this paper. The music is easy and very attractive. Price 35 cts.

The Harp of Katie Bell. Song and Chorus words by P. S. Pennell, Esq. Music by J. P. Webster. Price 35 cts.

Another new song by the prolific Webster; sweet and pleasing.

The shadows and the sunshine blend,
In early hopes and fears,
When Memory recalls to mind
The friends of schoolboy years;
Where gayest in youth's festal throng,

Her fairy footsteps fell,
With grace and melody of song,
Sweet lovely Katie Bell.

Would You Could Meet Me To-Night.
Song and Chorus. Words and music by W. C. Baker. Price 30 cts.

This song, which is sung by the Tremaine Brothers and Pierson with much success, is dedicated by Mr. Baker to his wife, and is, indeed, a beautiful tribute of affection. Mr. B. has attained wide celebrity as a writer, and this last composition will still add to his reputation. Try it.

Girl With the Auburn Tress. Song and Dance, by Frank Howard. Price, 35 cts.

This is a minstrel song, above the average of such compositions. It is sung nightly, by Cooper & Fields of Skiff and Wheeler's Minstrels. For those who like this kind of music nothing better can be found than the above song and dance.

She Shines in Honor Like a Star. Song and Chorus. Words by L. J. Bates. Music by J. P. Webster. Price, 35 cts.

She shines in honor like a star,
That glows serene thro' murky skies,
And sends a shining trail afar,
On all the troubled waves that rise.

INSTRUMENTAL.

Adoration Polka. For Piano. By Robert Goldbeck. Price, 60 cts.

This latest composition of the director of the Chicago Conservatory of Music is more in the popular style than his other compositions, though not at all like the common polkas. It is of the fourth grade, in some places bordering upon the fifth, but well worth the practice required to play it nicely.

A Poem of Life. Four characteristic pieces in the form of a sonata, for the piano, by S. N. Penfield. Op. 10.

1 Parnassus.....	75
Allegro Moderato.....	
2 The Vale of Romance.....	50
Adagio.....	
3 The Cascade of Pleasure.....	50
Scherzo and Trio.....	
4 The Stream of Time.....	75
Rondo Brillante.....	

We shall endeavor to describe these pieces at length in some future number of our paper. Teachers will find these compositions very useful as studies.

Upside Down Galop. By R. Goerdeler. Op. 55. Price, 35 cts.

This galop is of the third grade and remarkably pretty. All the parts lie within the reach of small hands. For an easy piece this is the best we have issued for a long time.